

Millicent and the Mistletoe

By
De LYSLE FERREE CASS

MILICENT HEBARD had not the slightest idea that she even remotely resembled Audrey Arlington, stellar member of the National Film Manufacturing company's cast. In fact, having only recently arrived in the big city from a downstate farm, she had not even seen any of Miss Arlington's celebrated moving-picture portrayals, much less heard of that opulent magnate of filmdom, the National Film Manufacturing company. Truth to tell, the very first time she learned of its existence was that evening when, worn out by a bootless tour of business offices where she had hoped for employment, she read its "ad" in the Help Wanted section of a newspaper.

Millicent had come to the metropolis abrim with the high hopes and dimly enthusiastic youth. Incidentally she brought remarkable good looks with her too, although, being unsophisticated and from the country, she was not as self-conscious of them as most city girls of her age are. The home farm was hopelessly mortgaged and for several years past she had realized with increasing poignancy what a tax upon her aged parents' slender resources she was.

As a girl grows older she craves more and better things, and, no matter how slightly she may be in-



"Look! Look!"

cluded in the matter, her support is unavoidably more expensive from year to year. It was acute realization of this that had prompted Millicent to adventure citywards, armed with her diploma from the Tingleville Commercial college, proving her to be a fully trained stenographer.

Millicent had found no positions open, however. Nobody seemed in need of a stenographer without past experience or even a typist. Some business men, she found, wanted a girl in their offices, but they expressed themselves as being more personally interested in Millicent's good looks than in her Tingleville certificate. So Millicent wisely looked elsewhere. Wisely maybe, but fruitlessly. Then one evening in her bare hall room this second week she came across the two-line "ad" of the National Film Manufacturing company, which, it seemed, was lukewarmly interested in securing a girl "for filing." A princely stipend of six dollars per week was the practical inducement offered.

Six dollars loomed gigantic to our Millicent just then and, although the thought of being only an office girl was humiliating, it was considerably better than nothing. She determined to be first of the hundred-odd applicants at the studio on the morrow, and so, indeed, she was.

On the way out next morning Miss Millicent occupied herself with a perusal of the newspaper and therein read a long account of the stupendous production which the National Film Manufacturing company was about to release. The names of fascinating Audrey Arlington, darling of the movie fans, and of Ned Tolman, her handsome male "support," occurred fre-

quently. The release was to be in no less than five reels, three of which the press notice stated were already done and desperate efforts were being made to finish taking the other two for a theater presentation by Christmas eve. "A mammoth, elaborate production . . . no expense spared . . . etc., etc., ad lib."

Not knowing much about the movies, Millicent wasn't much impressed, however. At the moment her mind was fervently occupied with melancholy reminiscences of a "Ned" whom she herself had known—Ned Harkins, who had pledged eternal fidelity to her in the shadow of a haystack one moonlight night years before when both he and she were barely more than children. Ned—her Ned—had gone away to the big city three years before to make his fortune. She never had heard from him since.

Uncolored eyes, a fresh clean complexion and simple direct address won Millicent her interview with the office manager in the film plant. While he still was explaining her new filing duties, he rushed the chief director—hair rumpled and gesticulating in wild excitement.

"Audrey Arlington fell down in the middle of her big scene in the last reel of the Christmas release. . . . Complete nervous breakdown! . . . hysterical . . . are rushing her direct to the nearest hospital now. . . . What in heaven's name will we do? There isn't a girl in the whole stock company who can make up to look enough like her to complete the personification for this final reel!"

The head director kept wringing his hands and swearing frantically. The president of the company registered acute distress. Then his eyes accidentally fell upon pretty Millicent among her filing cases.

"Look! Look! Mr. Isaacsohn!" yelled the head director, pointing. "As I live, that girl looks enough like Miss Arlington to be mistaken for her on the street! . . . Come here, Miss—Miss whatever-your-name-is! Have you ever posed before a 'picture' camera? No? . . . well, it doesn't make any difference just now anyway. You're fired from that office job. I'll give you \$60 a week to substitute for Miss Arlington in this last reel. . . . No, I haven't time to listen to anything about it! Come on back to the studio with me right now! The 'set' is all up and we were right in the middle of the scene when Miss Arlington fainted. Ned Tolman, the leading man, is waiting. C'mon!"

Bewildered Millicent was pulled out of the busy offices and back to the huge glass-domed studio where the last reel of the famous Christmas release was being held in impatient abeyance for its principal.

"Listen now, miss," exploded the director as Millicent emerged from the dressing room clad in the same wonderful gown that Audrey Arlington had been wearing only ten minutes before. "Pay attention to what I say and don't stare at either me or the camera. Act natural; that's what we're paying you for! Walk inside of those tape lines on the floor and don't on any account move outside them. This scene is the parlor of your home. It's supposed to be Christmas eve. You're to turn your back to the camera and be tying a sprig of mistletoe to the chandelier. Mr. Ned Tolman, who plays opposite 'lead,' will do the rest. You simply act as any girl would under the circumstances. . . . Hey you! Get Mr. Tolman from his dressing-room. Tell him we're all ready again. Now, in you go, miss!"

Millicent did just as she was told, although her heart beat fast and her head was in a whirl. With her back to the assemblage behind the cranking camera man, she raised both arms to tie the sprig of mistletoe to the chandelier. Quick footsteps sounded behind her and, an instant later, a man's strong arms were around her waist and his handsome face thrust close to hers for a kiss.

With a cry of mingled fright and indignation, the girl squirmed about in his arms and tried to push him away. Then for the first time she caught sight of the movie matinee idol's face. "Ned?" she thrilled in joyous amazement. "Ned Harkins! You are the famous Ned Tolman?"

"Millicent!" breathed he, clasping her closer as their lips met in a long, long kiss and the watching director yelled: "Fine! fine! Hold that!"

Presently the whirr of the camera crank ceased and the grins on the faces of actor, "extra," and "set" shifter broadened.

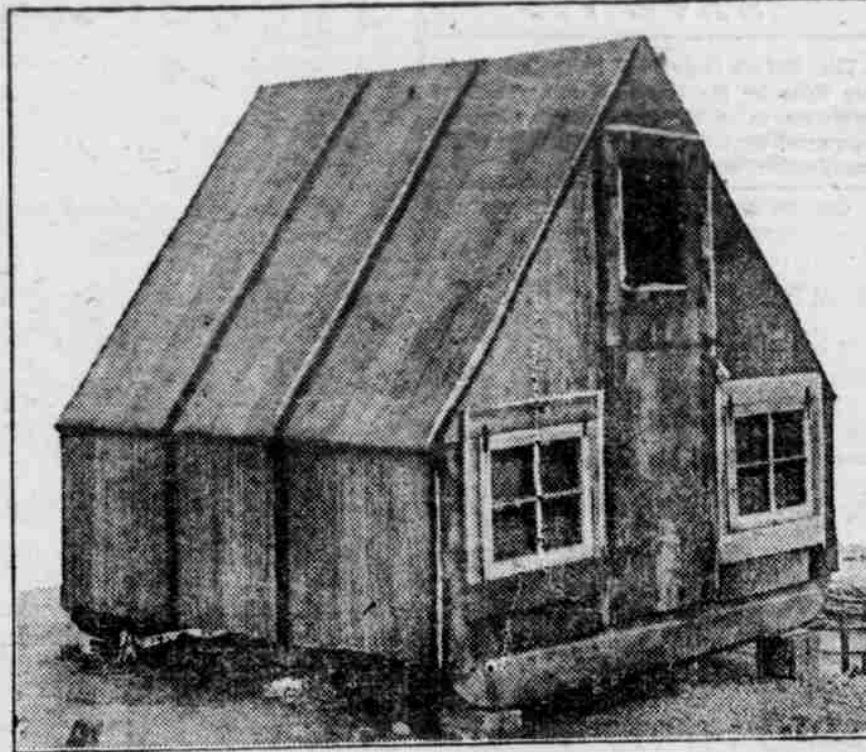
"Hey there!" finally shouted the head director. "Film's run out; scene's over! We've had enough of that kiss now!"

"But I haven't," murmured Ned, looking fondly down into his old sweetheart's happiness-flushed face. "Have you, Millicent?"

"Never! I could keep on doing it forever," she whispered softly back.



MAKING UP WINTER RATIONS FOR LAYERS



Brooder House With Tar Paper Covering.

(By W. M. KELLY.)

If the flock is to be healthy, vigorous and productive, it must be supplied with three-fold food elements—protein, carbohydrates and ash.

In making up winter rations it is not necessary to devote much if any attention to the amount of ash or mineral matter, for this is easily supplied. While it is true that many flocks produce large egg yields on improperly balanced rations, yet the fact remains that the well-balanced ration is safer and more economical to feed the fowls when they are kept under normal conditions.

An excess of protein will to a certain extent take the place of a deficiency of carbohydrates, but it is cheaper and better for the fowls to have an abundance of carbonaceous foods.

No one kind of grain should be used as an exclusive diet. Mixed grains, like oats, wheat, corn, barley, buckwheat, can be combined so as to give a nutritive ration of one part protein to six parts carbohydrates with good results.

Any mixture of good, clean grain may be used if well proportioned. I like to use two or three mixtures of grain and change grain frequently to furnish variety which is so much more palatable for the fowls.

In mixing grain feeds, we must consider the amount of vegetable and animal foods that are being used.

In this way the fowls obtain the beneficial effects of the mash feed without getting logy and lazy, as they do when a heavy mash is fed only once a day.

It is the best plan to feed the whole grain in clean litter so that the fowls will have to work to find it. When

feeding a mash feed of ground grains, better results usually come by feeding it in two feeds and supplementing them with dry grain scattered in a litter.

Wheat bran and linseed oil meal make a suitable addition to the mash feed. Table scrap and kitchen wastes also improve a mash feed.

Fowls need some kind of green feed to take the place of grass, which is available during the summer. Freshly cut clover or alfalfa hay steamed for about an hour, cannot be beaten as a substitute for green grass.

Clover is a good egg producing food. When these foods are cut and steamed they will take the place of considerable grain or animal foods. If they are not available, wheat bran may be used in moderate quantities. Vegetables should be fed raw.

To secure best results, animal foods are necessary. Nothing is better than ground bone; it contains the elements necessary for egg production. However, the amount of labor required to prepare green ground bone is, on many farms, so great that it precludes its use.

Dried meat scraps are cheaper at \$3 per hundred pounds than green bone, if a man has other remunerative work to do.

Skim milk is an exceedingly valuable poultry food, and can be profitably used every day in the year.

I have found millet the best scratching-room litter, because the seeds are fine and afford the fowls an inducement to exercise while looking for them.

I feed two liberal feeds a day, night and morning, and a light feed at noon, and find that I have better results than when feeding oftener.

DISEASES OF FARM FLOCKS

Engorgement by Too Much Food in Crop Is Most Common Cause of Digestive Troubles.

Diseases of digestion in birds do not prevail as they do in the higher animals. This is due to the simple manner in which digestion is carried on. Engorgement by too much food in the crop and gizzard is the most general reason for digestive troubles in fowls.

Obstruction of the beak is not a common occurrence, but if a grain or seed gets fastened between the branches of the maxilla and the bird cannot get it loosened by shaking its head and scratching at its bill, it will soon be unable to eat; the tongue will become paralyzed, and it will die. The owner, by examining the mouth carefully, can find the obstruction and remove it.

Pick Out Laying Fowls.

In breeds like White Leghorns, which show a yellow cast in the ear lobe, the color fades as the pullets or hens start laying, and after two weeks or a month one can quickly pick out the layers by this change of color. It is important to observe the color and shade during the year.

Formula for Wet Mash.

Any dry mash formula may be used as a wet mash, but there is no special advantage in a wet mash unless it is cooked. In that case, vegetables may also be added. Soft food should always be crumbly—a mixture that will crumble when dropped in balls.

Hopper Feeding Is Urged.

Hopper feeding of a dry grain mash should become an established policy on the farm as well as in the yards of the large breeders.

Clean Litter Is Hen's Delight.

Good, clean litter is the hen's delight. The sweepings of the barn floor serve this purpose very well.

REMEDY FOR ENLARGED CROP

Can Only Be Cured by Cutting Out Piece of Organ—Catarrh Caused by Eating Irritating Food.

An enlarged crop is a pendulous crop, and can be cured in just one way—cutting out a piece of the crop and sewing it up to the right size. It is a simple operation and easily performed.

Catarrh of the crop is caused by eating irritating food or other substances picked up as food by the bird. In such cases the food is never all out of the crop, but forms into a doughy mass.

Hold the fowl head downward, after injecting coffee into the crop, and work it out, after which pour saleratus water or any mild antiseptic down its throat. Paralysis of the crop follows neglect.

Supply Hens With Litter.

Good clover hay, or better yet, alfalfa, ought to be plentiful enough to be largely used for litter in the hen-houses this winter. Don't give the birds too much at a time, and the result will be that they will feast off the leaves, and that even the stems will in large measure disappear as they search through this fragrant litter for their grain throughout the cold season. If anything will make them lay this will.

Indication of Laying.

Soft, pliable combs are also an indication of good laying conditions. When a hen stops laying her comb dries up and becomes smaller and harder, while those which are laying well have soft and pliable combs; not necessarily large combs, however.

Hens Prefer Being Outdoors.

When weather will permit, the hens prefer being outdoors. But when comfortable quarters are provided, the fowls never fail to make use of them in bad weather.

It advertises itself—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

It is far easier to drive a soft headed nail than a hard headed man.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

The entertainer who expects to get a laugh does not tell the funny story in the presence of his wife.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murine Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

The Explanation.

Aimee—I wonder how Hazel manages to preserve her complexion?

Mary—I believe she keeps it in a cool place, tightly corked, when not in use.

HANDS LIKE VELVET

Kept So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

On retiring soak hands in hot Cuticura soapsuds, dry and rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes. Wear bandage or old gloves during night. This is a "one night treatment for red, rough, chapped and sore hands." It works wonders.

Sample each free by mail with 32-p. Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Utah Furnishes Expo Material.

The state of Utah has made another record, of which it is very proud. It seems that all the gypsum used in the construction of the San Diego fair buildings and 80 per cent of that used for the San Francisco fair came from the quarries near Nephi, Utah. It is now well known that gypsum is one of the oldest building materials. It was used extensively in the building of the pyramids and very largely in the construction of the monumental architectural edifices reared by the Greeks and the Romans.

The product of gypsum used in the fair buildings is known as "staff" and was cast to imitate the famous Roman travertine. Of its beauty a thousand writers have written. Utah is proud that it furnished the material for the exposition structures and proud that it could have furnished the material for the wonders of the ancients.

Operatic Item.

"I understand that a two-headed calf was born in this neighborhood a few weeks ago?"

"You betcha!" triumphantly replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "And the feller that owns it expects to make a fortune in the op'ry business showing it around at the fairs next fall in a tent."

No Doubt True.

His Wife—I wonder why it is that but few single women enter the lecture field.

Her Husband—Oh, I guess marriage is a sort of training school.

HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails."

"I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied: 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia."

"I have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers